

410 Burke Avenue
Long Beach, MS 39560
September 29, 1972

Dear Harold,

Thank you so much for your recent letter. I deeply appreciate the kind things you said about me in your letter to Ivon, a copy of which you sent me. It is perfectly obvious from your tone that you are thoroughly fed up with them, and there is more than enough reason for it, knowing your experience and from my own recently which I am writing you about now.

Before I forget to mention this later, I am going to have to go to Houston tomorrow A.M., so please note that on return address envelope. I will have my mail forwarded, though, just in case anything important comes here which I don't expect. In addition to other reasons, I just had a call from my grandfather this morning (Friday) indicating that my grandmother has taken a turn for the worse at the nursing home, so I will want to be there. Nothing in the world I can do to help, but I think it is good to be there. If this is finally the end of her suffering, it may be for the best, but there is no way to tell. The doctors don't know anything, and she could linger on for who knows how long. In any case, I also need to get over there, as I have been unable to find anything here in Miss. and the prospects in Houston are obviously much brighter. I'll send you details if and when there are developments along that line.

Now back to the Garrison matter. Since last we corresponded, much has not happened. As I told you, Ivon said I could get back in touch with him about the middle of the month regarding a job in the campaign, which excited me. So, about the middle of the month, I gave him a call on a Tuesday or Wednesday afternoon. He said that they were having problems raising funds, and that all of their efforts were turned in that direction at the moment. This struck me real odd, unless those men whose money you say he "pissed away" have suddenly acquired wisdom. Which would be odd, too, although I know Willard Robertson (the Vw man) seemed a little miffed at the Federal hearing that he had not heard from Garrison for several months, even though Robertson had visited him in the hospital. Cecil Shilstone said they never received word one from the D.A. about how the money was being spent. Seems odd that Garrison wouldn't confer with them, since their necks were on the block also for having gone along with him.

But I'm getting away from my story. Anyway, Ivon said he would call me the Thursday of the following week, even going through the detailed ritual of copying down my phone number he already had in several places. You could probably guess the rest. Right. The week went by, slowly, and needless to say the phone was silent from him. And I was here all but Sat, night, and a few trips to the grocery store. So last Tuesday I presented myself at the office again, very evidently to their immense surprise. I don't think I mentioned that the last time I had gone to see Ivon (which I wrote and called you about), he kept me waiting 1½ hours. This time was same thing.

The switchboard gal said he was out, and marveled at my patience in waiting. After a long time, here he comes bouncing in, at first surprised and seeming not to notice me, then came over and we shook hands and spoke very cordially. There was no mention whatsoever on either side of the fact that he hadn't called me back, nor anything regarding you. I decided I'd leave it that way for the moment, until I got in a little better footing. I asked again about the job, and he again said he didn't think of anything. Then after a pause, he said well, maybe I could come back Friday and pass out some cards at Loyola and Tulane. He also somehow made it clear this was to be volunteer work. I said I'd let him know Friday, and he started to break off.

I cut in to ask him "what about the other matter that we discussed?" letting him choose between two things: you, and the publication of his investigation. He chose the latter. "Yes, I did talk to Jim about that again, and he's just not ready to do anything on that at all." He again mentioned the suits against Garrison, and his campaign and all else, and this time said it might be a whole year before he starts in on it. Last time he said it'd be December. I said, "Well, did you ask him about me?" Then what really got me, he said, "I told him about you, and you wanted to volunteer your time..." (emphasis mine)

That really threw me for a loop. Volunteer! I don't know where he thinks I get my groceries! Anyway, I decided it best not to press the matter, but just to go straight to the top, as I had wanted to do all along. I had held out for this job on his campaign staff, thinking of something entirely different than what he evidently had in mind, and certainly something with a slight salary, at least to help tide me over until the job opened up on the staff to compile his research material from the assassination investigation. You can hardly imagine what an experience all this was, although I'm sure you've had many like it, and possibly some worse.

I asked if I could see Mr. Garrison. He said sure, but he thought he was out at LSUNO right then. I said okay, I'd be back in a couple of hours, which I killed subsisting on a hot dog and walking down Canal St. I came back to the office about 2p.m. and they checked and said he was still not in.

By the way, a couple of things are worth noting at this point. You mentioned in your letter some weird things going on in that office, which is true. I gather you never figured out what, but I've observed the same feeling. The strangest of all to me is that few ever know whether the boss is in. The switchboard gals never know, they admitted to me they never see him, and that he just comes up the rear private entrance and goes in his office. Usually Lou and a few asst. DAs would know, sometimes, but they all shared a strange reticence to disturb him when he went home. Which was a frequent occurrence while I worked there summer '68. It was absolutely heartbreaking to me to be all set to see him, just waiting on someone else to be out, like Alcock or somebody, and then I was next in line. Sure thing. I would come with the best suit I owned and fully prepared. It was such a crushing blow when I'd be all ready, and next thing I'd know he'd have just left! Or I just missed him. Which is a bummer to work for

somebody and never see them. I have always had the feeling that a good many of the investigators who defected did so not so much out of intentional disloyalty, but because they never had any personal reinforcement from Garrison himself. And I know that many positive leads were not followed up because he was not there just to say yes, that interests me, go ahead, or-no, do it this other way. What a handicap to work under. It was unbearable for me. I can only surmise what it must've been like for you. Then there was the awful aspect of the left hand not knowing what the right hand was doing. Often he would make a statement at a press conference in Las Vegas or California and nobody in the whole office had any idea what basis he had for it. There was no semblance of organization. It was indeed a shambles. And he spoke in a way that inspired confidence: "Our office has established this fact after months of hard investigation, beyond any shadow of a doubt..., etc." For many of those statements, I honestly have yet to learn the basis for them. You appear to be correct in saying he has no intention of publishing his files.

I waited about three hours for him that day, no kidding, before 2 till past 4:30. Thinking there might still be an honest reason for the delay, I said I'd be back Friday, and would try again then. Yesterday, Thursday, I unexpectedly took ill all day, with nausea, etc., from which I am still not fully recovered. Fortunately my parents happened to be in Biloxi for a convention and they stayed with me until I got well. They left this morning. I told them I'd follow them tomorrow, as there was some business I had in New Orleans. After they left, I thought all this over again, and wondered if it were worth it. I felt and still feel that if I could get in to see Garrison himself, it would be. But getting Howard Hughes to pose for a picture is easier for me, it would seem. And I don't know why. Because Louis told me definitely that they had nothing against me, never thought I had had anything to do with that little fink Bethell, and had complete confidence in me. Bethell is still a thorn in my side. Gripes me just to think of him, back in the old days. Nice fellow, but so lazy! And he was no help getting to see Garrison. I thought on this last trip. Tuesday I would finally get to see him, but no luck. After I had left, in August 1968, I wrote a final letter to Garrison, warning him about Bethell, and asking him to call me. Several weeks later, he did, after I had left N.O. and came over here. My father answered, and he is, as I've told you opposed to the quest for the truth about the assassinations. Dad didn't even give Garrison my number over here. When I found out about it, I tore back to N.O. and broke the speed limit to get to his office. He was still at home sick, they said, and Ivon and Boxley said they'd have him call me back within the hour which he didn't. Everything I've tried since has failed. I didn't understand then why they couldn't just give me his home unlisted phone number or else hold the phone for me to talk to him there. I still don't get that at all. There is much about all this I had hoped to discuss with you in person.

I also had hoped that I could talk to Garrison about my own situation. And I could tell him about the transcripts you wanted, which were really for his benefit anyway. I had gotten into a lot of trouble for an article I had written for the school newspaper at a college in Jackson, Miss., and was later expelled for being a troublemaker in that regard, making statements accusing the F.B.I. and C.I.A. of suppressing

the truth about political assassinations in the U.S. Because of my record, I was turned down by law school, and I had hoped that maybe he could sympathize with my plight and help me, which he definitely has the position to do.

But it didn't happen. Instead of making that long trip again, for nothing, I called first, and his personal secretary said he was not in, she didn't know when or even whether he would be, so I thanked her politely, and in a futile gesture gave her my Houston phone number where I'll be day after tomorrow, hopefully soon with a job. The assassination issue is one that will always be heavily on my mind, but I feel it has been pursued as far as I can go with it. By the way, Lorraine Schuler isn't there any more. She evidently quit a long time ago, they said. She had the same problem then that Lou described about the boss, he's very unpredictable schedule-wise. I am qualified in the meantime to do work in radio, which I probably can get in Houston, and as I say I'll write and let you know. The Supreme Court election is tomorrow, so by the time you get this, you may already know the results. Garrison has been on TV very little. I get the N.O. stations here.

Sorry I blew it so badly; I wish I could have done better. And if you think there is any way I can, please don't hesitate in telling me. But I don't know what else to do at this point. I'm also a little sick of fooling with that office. You are so right in what you said, but if I should write anything about my experience with the Garrison case, I guarantee that you will be the second to see it. Reason being that so many people have written so much rot and vomit, as you call it, and misused what they stole from you, that I would first want your full approval. Also, please bring me up to date on your lawsuits, esp. the spectro suit and civil suit for damages on your farm, and also Ray's status.

I do want very much for us to keep in close touch regardless of the status of this thing, as your friendship is one I want to keep. By the way, I am getting copies of the John Birch Society's "revelations" about the Wallace shooting, and would like to know if you would like a dupe. The American Opinion, which is of course pure insanity mostly, has supposedly conducted an investigation into the Bremer case, and I'm interested to see what they've got, and will send you copy if you'd like it. There is no doubt in my own mind that that case is similar to the others, if not the same. Certainly he was no leftist, no lone killer, with all that money and travels. Let me know.

There is nothing else right now, but please do keep in close touch, and remember that I'll be in Houston. I'll let you know if that changes. Of course, my invitation to you is unchanged, I'll come back if you all could come down, or meet you in N.O. for some more work. So, see you again soon, and hope this finds you well.

Sincerely your friend,

